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RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Table with 2 columns: Ad type and Rate. Includes rates for One Square, One Inch, One Month, etc.

In the reign of Queen Victoria England had fifteen wars.

The enormous growth of the city of London is shown by the fact that its present population is given at 5,070,000, or considerably greater than that of Paris, Berlin, Vienna and Rome combined.

There are 536 authorized guides in the Alps. One hundred and ninety-four of them have taken a regular course of instruction in their profession and have received diplomas.

Equatorial Africa promises another treasure to civilization, announces the New York Press. It is a much scented plant, the branches of which carried about the person will frighten away mosquitoes.

To use the phonograph for recording the chatter of monkeys and to attempt from such a record to evolve the language of the simians is something which in the opinion of the San Francisco Chronicle out-Darwin Darwin.

Sig. Henri Bosquet, of Buenos Ayres, Argentine Republic, says there are some sixteen men to one woman in that very interesting South American metropolis, and that any newly arrived, fairly good-looking candidate for matrimony can readily have a choice of fully fifty eager swains.

Why cannot, asks the New Orleans Picayune, some able designer get up a representation of the eagle that looks something like that glorious bird? The spread-wing idea is unnatural and absurd.

A man by the name of George Hulce, at New Haven, Conn., was named as an executor in a will. When the will was probated two witnesses, through an honest mistake, swore that he was dead, and the court had an order to that effect entered upon the records.

The depreciation of farming lands in England has gone so far, asserts the Boston Cultivator, that in many localities they are worth only half what they were twenty years ago.

The census bulletin giving the population of Texas by minor civil divisions shows some wonderful percentages of increase of population, notes the Louisville Courier-Journal.

A PARTING GUEST.

Dear world, how shall I say farewell to thee As from thy friendly house I go at last! Let me not like an unloved wanderer be From thy door cast.

A MIDNIGHT ASSIGNMENT.



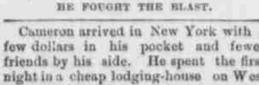
HEN Sandy Graham, stone mason and ballie, kicked Fergus Cameron down the back stair of his home on the Lochie Road of Dundee, and shied a bag of onions and a clothes line where his big foot could not reach.

Now, the average Scotch ballie is a much bigger man, in his own estimation, than the President of the United States. A chief magistrate of our nation might allow his daughter to marry an ordinary book-keeper; but a President of the United States is no criterion in estimating a man chosen to fill the chair once graced by such illustrious characters as Donald MacTavish and Sandy Jamieson.

You may have heard of the Scotch ballie, but I knew one. It was long ago, but the awe-inspiring influence of a personal acquaintance with him has not yet departed. He was a newspaper man, so he said, claiming the title by virtue of part ownership with his wife and Kirsty Buckley, a crabbed old maid.

Excuse me, Ballie, our teacher would remark in his meekest way, "excuse me, you have the book upside down." "Sir, don't you think a ballie can read Latin upside down?"

How we prayed that a kind Providence in much love and mercy might make of us ballies and newspaper men. Do you wonder that Fergus Cameron was kicked downstairs, and that a bag of onions and a clothes-line basted his departure, and that three weeks later he stood upon the deck of an Atlantic liner, gazing with tearful eye on the fast fading shore-line of the land of blue mist and purple heather?



Cameron arrived in New York with a few dollars in his pocket and fewer friends by his side. He spent the first night in a cheap lodging-house on West street, and in the morning set out to find an old friend of his father. The prospects of employment at his own occupation were by no means bright, but an acquaintance on the part of the old man with the city editor of a morning paper opened for him the door of the newspaper kingdom.

WISE WORDS.

It is sometimes hard to distinguish innocence from bluff. Contentment is not knowing anyone who has anything better than you have. Every man if trouble feels that his friends are not as indignant as they should be.

Men are like little boys; they all like to have a great big rag tied around a little sore. The man who can win the reputation of being able to lick everybody saves himself lots of fights.

There is one thing you can always depend on a man doing, and that is the thing he wants to do. Men and women are the only things ever created that the corner you get to them the smaller they get.

When a girl who is engaged to be married tells of her engagement, it is a very good sign that she was never engaged before. Every woman believes that if her husband could be married to some other woman for a week he would know how to appreciate her.

Marriage seems never so much a failure to a man as when something goes wrong at home that he can't possibly blame on his wife. It makes no difference how worthless a man is; his mother thinks it no sacrifice to delude the best girl in the world into marrying him.

Every man in the ranks had been a fireman, and it was confidently believed that Ellsworth's command was able to put down the war without assistance. The Colonel was a young man, handsome, gallant, burning with military ardor and thirsting for military fame.

An Island of the Dead.

The captain of a coasting vessel that lately put into Guaymas, Mexico, tells a story of a strange discovery made by him when his vessel had been driven off her course some weeks ago. He sighted an island not down on any of the charts. He sent a boat ashore and the men returned and said that no one lived there, but there were many houses and evidences that at one time the island had been inhabited.

Giants' Bones Unearthed.

Tradition tells us that somewhere along a ridge in the southern part of this county, there lies buried "twenty male loads of gold." This treasure is supposed to have been placed in some isolated spot by the early inhabitants of the land—possibly the mound builders. A week ago some one in manhandling about a cave which is formed by an over-cast of this ridge, accidentally found a coin, upon which could only be distinguished the letters "A. D." This exciting his curiosity, and knowing of the traditional treasure, led him to make further exploits.

A Contractor's Little Scheme.

A local contractor has a peculiar method of keeping tabs on a gang of Italian laborers working under him. The men are known only by numbers, and to keep track of the doings of each individual is a matter of considerable difficulty. They are all apt to sneak off when the foreman's back is turned, and sit down for a rest. The unique plan of the contractor in question is devised to put an end to this lax practice and the consequent loss of time.

A MAGYAR RESTAURANT.

PICTURESQUE SCENES IN A HUNGARIAN EATING HOUSE.

The Wonderously Appetizing Odors From the National Dish, Gulyas-Mad Revels to Gipsy Music. Like all large cities, Buda-Pesth has beautiful hotels, on which we need waste no words.

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A New Story of General Grant.

I was told a good story about General Grant, the other day that I never saw in print, writes the Washington correspondent of the Courier-Journal. It will be recalled that early in the war the New York Fire Zouaves were a crack regiment, commanded by Colonel Ellsworth.

Instead of ordering a squad to remove it he bolted into the house, ascended the stairway, went out on the roof and captured the flag; descending he was confronted by the landlord—one Jackson—who shot him dead. Jackson himself was then shot to death, and the affair created more sensation than considerable battles a few years later.

Twenty Dined Off One Potato.

George W. Scott has brought into the Telephone office a half-dozen of the largest sweet potatoes ever raised, perhaps, in the country. They are "new issues," and the six weighed fifty pounds. The largest one was given by the editor to a family in which there were eighteen members—the husband and wife and sixteen children—all of whom were great lovers of potatoes.

Cracked Open a Mountain.

One of the Twin Sisters, north of Mount Baco, near Whatcom, Washington, was observed at 11:30 A. M. emitting a huge volume of smoke, which arose apparently to the height of 1000 feet. Smoke was soon lifted to the north and disappeared. About 2:30 P. M. a column of smoke arose from Mount Baker, and other mountains showed the same phenomenon.

SCIENTIFIC AND INDUSTRIAL.

Steam pipes are made of ramie fibre. Blotting paper is made of cotton rags boiled in soda.

Scientists say that a grasshopper has its ears on its forelegs. A man breathes about eighteen pints of air in a minute, or upward of seven hogheads in a day.

A company has been formed in Chicago, Ill., to manufacture a metallic substitute for wooden railway ties. According to a statistician of small things, the human heart in a lifetime of eighty years, beats 300,000,000 times.

The interesting fact has developed in the case of table glass that the much-admired iridescent film is slightly soluble in water. An underground hydraulic power distribution plant is being talked of for Berlin, Germany.

A turquoise mine has been discovered near the town of Ibrahim-Ogla about fifteen miles from Samarcand. This is said to be the third turquoise mine found in Central Asia.

The largest animal known to exist in the world at the present time is the roquail, which averages 100 feet in length; the smallest is the moad, which is only 1-12,000 of an inch in length.

There have been many collisions at sea which have seemed wholly unaccountable, and it may be suspected that they have proceeded from the not uncommon inability to distinguish between green and red lights at night. It has recently been discovered that in a cubic centimeter of milk, two hours after removal from the cow, there are 9000 microbes, and in twenty-five hours these have increased to over 5,000,000.

Field flasks of aluminum instead of the ordinary glass flasks are being introduced experimentally in the German army. They appear to be serviceable and strong, and should they fulfill their promise the whole army is to be supplied with them.

A comparatively new system of construction, the invention of Mr. Monier, is being applied to the building of houses, bridges, fortifications, reservoirs, sewers, etc. It consists of a network of iron rods covered with cement concrete, and the most remarkable feature in connection with it is the great strength of the constructed material, relatively to its weight.

A Fine Game Preserve.

The Rev. N. M. Jurney, of Leesville, N. C., has associated a number of gentlemen with him, and they have established in Cartaret County one of the finest game preserves in North Carolina. The gentlemen who own the preserve are only worth \$15,000,000 in the aggregate. They have purchased to be used exclusively for their own use, 3000 acres of land, and have posted it to be used exclusively for the game preserve.

Water Purified by Electricity.

The Webster method of purifying waste water by means of electricity has been tested by Dr. Ferni in the Hygienic Institute, at Munich, Germany. During the course of the experiments it was found that the water became purified in about fifteen minutes, the organic substances being reduced by about one-half, and the suspended substances being precipitated to the bottom.

The Largest Beard.

James Brown, who lives near Bealington, in Braxton County, W. Va., has probably the largest beard in this country. He is six feet in height, and has neither shaved nor trimmed his beard or mustache for thirty years.

MY MOTHER'S HAND

Such beautiful, beautiful hands! They're neither white nor small, And you, I know, would sorely thank That they were fair at all.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands! Though heart were weary and sad, These patient hands kept toiling on, That the children might be glad.

Such beautiful, beautiful hands! They are growing feeble now, For time and pain have left their work On hand and heart and brow.

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HUMOR OF THE DAY.

China has a revolution all same South American man.—Boston Herald. A locomotive travels better and a man worse with a headlight.—Columbus Post.

How could a critic ever become famous, if there were no minor poets to flay?—Pack. The successful politician must be sharp enough to cut all the people who expect favors from him.—Pack.

"How did your friend become a Colonel?" "She—He married a Colonel's widow!"—Boston Beacon. Put a handle to a man's name, even if he is a crank. A crank without a handle is of little use.—Boston Transcript.

"A simple look is all I crave," said he. "Gaze into yonder mirror and you'll get it," said she.—New York Journal. It is said that in Philadelphia, when a comedian gets off a good thing, the curtain often "drops" before the audience does.

Corporal (at the inspection)—"That fellow looks as plump and fat as if all the cooks in the town had fallen in love with him!" The woman who has a brown plush sacque on who can quickest tell a snailkin when she sees it on another woman.—Times Sittings.

The kangaroo is a funny animal. It has four legs in all, but two of its legs are longer than its fore legs put together.—Elmira Gazette. Some papers make it the "grip," others the "grippe." Still a spell of it is had enough no matter how taken.—Philadelphia Times.

"If I were a minister I should hate to dine at a banker's table." "B—Why?" "A—Think of three days of grace!"—Yale Record. If college men would only tackle the world as they do their foot ball opponents, the rest of us would never get a goal.—New York Herald.

How goodlooking some of us would be could we only live up to the photograph which we regard as a perfect likeness!—Boston Transcript. "Oh, mamma!" cried Willie, on seeing a seabra for the first time, "do come here and see this poor little convict pony!"—Larper's Young People.

Don't pen missives to your best girl on postal cards. She may have a suspicion that you do not care two cents for her.—Union County Standard. Marriage seems never so much a failure to a man as when something goes wrong at home that he can't possibly blame on his wife.—Athens Globe.

When Strephon, hearing in the dark a step, gave Bridget Daphn's kiss, He evidently missed his mark, By having failed to mark his Miss.—Pack. A hermit and a tramp present about the same general appearance; the distinguishing feature is that one is a recluse, the other a wreck loose.—Union County Standard.

"My hair," mused Van Synthe, as he carefully combed his two remaining wisps to their appointed places, "reminds me most painfully of a fool and his money."—Life. There are lots of them in the world at the foot of the procession who believe they are at the head, though they admit that the procession is going the wrong way.—Athens Globe.

"Did you ever notice how sometimes the earth seems to smile at the sun?" said the poetic young woman. "Oh, yes," he answered. "The sun's an old flame of hers, you know." "Said so?" "When Joliet made his debut as a star the audience went wild; the encore was terrific." "The hero—in which scene was it?" "In that scene in which he was beheaded."—New York Herald.

"I've lost my situation," remarked a young man who had been working for a Fifth Avenue firm. "Is that so?" "Yes; tired." "Why? I understood that you worked in a fire-proof building."—Pittsburg Chronicle. Tommy—"What is a 'ruining account'?" Pa says it's an account no- countants have to keep of customers that are in the habit of running away from paying their bills. "Ucle!" "That's one definition of it." Tommy—"There another?" Ucle—"Yes. A running account is, in some instances, an account that gets tired out running after a while, and then it has to stand on its own feet."—Pittsburg Chronicle.

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